

# THE LEXINGTON RECORD.

Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT LEXINGTON AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

VOL. I.

LEXINGTON, KY., MAY, 1891.

No. 9.

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Don't fail to use Cream Flour if you want good Bread and a happy Cook.

THE LEXINGTON RECORD will be issued the first of every month. The subscription price is One Dollar a year. Advertising space is Three Dollars per inch for one year, if paid in advance; or four dollars when paid by the quarter. Please address all questions and communications to LEXINGTON RECORD, 185 S. Mill St., Lexington, Kentucky. MRS. EUGENIA DUNLAP POTTS, EDITOR.

MRS. J. W. McCONNELL,  
Business Manager.

THE old ballad says, "Spring would be but gloomy weather if we had nothing else but spring." Yet what is brighter than the sunshine of an ever-cheerful spirit? Who more blest than the giver of pleasant words and kindly looks? Not the insipid inanities of an existence without an object—of a nature too indolent to get ruffled. Not this, but the influence of a strong individuality diffusing itself among others, and gilding the passing hour with a genial glow. A mother of many daughters was wont to say, "Girls, cultivate cheerfulness; it will stand you in hand through all your life." A wise father's injunction was, "Kind words cost nothing; do not grudge them, especially to your social inferiors." Again, "Take the world as you find it; you cannot mould people to suit your ideas. Give them credit for meaning as well as you do." An unerring test of a young girl's choice of books is to read nothing that she would blush to read aloud to a gentleman friend. The hero of "The Initials" is made to give this advice to Hildegarde. Just so in our social commingling it were well if we did not ever say of another what we would leave unsaid were that other within earshot. Be cheerful and you will never feel cross. Before the mighty power of a happy, buoyant spirit fly the legions of envy, hatred and malice and all uncharitableness. The shining sun of the heavens dispels the miasma of the marshy vallies. The sun of cheerfulness scatters the mists that lie deep down in the darkened soul of discontent and unrest.

## Giving Tithes.

There is a Christian household in this city who give a tenth of all they make to the Lord. The father, the sons and daughters work, and it is said of them that this rule holds good even down to the little one who has but ten cents, yet gives a penny of it away. Shall this righteous man ever be forsaken, or his seed begging bread?

## New Subscribers.

Prof. Dillenbeck, Prof. Newman and Mrs. Laura Hawkins and Dr. McClure have sent in their subscriptions to the RECORD. Others have signified their desire to have our little monthly message, and we hope to give a long list in June.

## More Donations.

The Charity Organization gave a court-day dinner, which netted \$50. Donations to this charity, not including the dinner, have lately been as follows: Mrs. H. H. White, flour; Mrs. Roe Hocker, flour; Mr. H. W. White, sugar; Mrs. Bartholomew, oatmeal; Mrs. Dudley Logan, sugar; Mrs. Mary Scott, soap; Mrs. John S. Shouse, clothing and soap; Mrs. John Moore, clothing and coffee; Mrs. Skinner, potatoes; Mrs. John Pew, tomatoes; Mrs. Margaret Lawrence, sugar; Mrs. Helen Milligan, flour; Mrs. Dr. Coleman, sugar; Mrs. C. C. Cline, preserves, clothing, jelly; Mrs. Mary Holliday, preserves; Mrs. Joe Scott, oatmeal; Miss Jessie Bean, dress; Mrs. Clay Calvert, clothing and soap; Mrs. John Yellman, dress; Mrs. Dr. Logan, vegetables; Mrs. Mary Irvine, oatmeal; Mrs. Walker Muir, clothing. There are thirteen children now in the institution.

The Merchants' Carnival, under the leadership of Prof. Basel, will be given at the Opera House on the 4th and 5th insts. It is hoped that a good round sum will be realized.

The managers of the Organization have bought a beautiful home for the children at the corner of South Mill and Cedar streets.

"Was your elopement a success?" "Hardly." "What went wrong?" "Her father telegraphed us not to return and all would be forgiven."

## The Kirmess.

This superb entertainment was brought within reach of the Infirmary treasury by the efforts of Mrs. Albert Harden, and is under the leadership of Prof. H. T. Speedy, of Detroit, Mich. There are sixteen dances, including the Grand Finale, and 175 persons engaged either as dancers or chaperones. Next Thursday, Friday and Saturday are the days, and public expectation is justly running at its highest.

Mr. E. D. Potts is president of the club, and Mr. Sidney Warren is manager of the tickets and funds. Tickets on sale at Barnes' drug store. Scale of prices, 75, 50 and 25 cents. Boxes, \$8 and \$5.

## Charity Directory.

Protestant Infirmary, E. Short street—Miss Mary Harrison, President of Managers. Five trained nurses who go wherever called.

St. Joseph's Hospital, West Second street—Sister Euphrasia, General Directress.

Charity Organization, S. Mill and Cedar streets—Mrs. S. A. Charles, President.

Home of the Friendless, West Short street—Mrs. W. S. McChesney, President.

Orphan's Home, West Third street—Mrs. E. B. Woodward, President.

Industrial School, North Upper street—Miss Mary Harrison, President.

King's Daughters and King's Lilies, North Broadway—Mrs. John Pew, President.

The Woman's Exchange, W. C. T. U., two kindergartens, Y. M. C. A. benevolent societies, church auxiliaries and mission bands, all do much good upon a somewhat different plan from the list we have given. When changes occur in presiding officers kindly notify the RECORD.

## The Best Time

To work, while you can; to sow wild oats, never; to sing, when you feel like it; to laugh, is when you can afford to. The best time to think is before you act; to take care of your health is before you lose it; to make a good resolution is when you intend to keep it; to judge another is when you are in the same predicament. The best time to stop your meanness is before you commence.



## AUNT JEAN'S LETTER.

### The Infirmary—Home of the Friendless—St. Joseph's Hospital—Orphan's Home—Good Deeds and Kind Hearts.

May, 1891.

DEAR FRIENDS:

There is not a trace of winter in our fresh green landscape, and naught but the springtime of affectionate interest in my heart for you and the good that you are doing. Here, there, everywhere, is inserted the point of the truest lever that ever moved a world—that of single-hearted, well-intentioned effort for suffering men and women. Clean and white looms up the

#### INFIRMARY

with its red brick annex all ready for the interior adorning. Day by day the sick and wounded are carried in. Day by day the White Cross nurses go out to the sick beds of those who cannot come in. A pleasant feature in the management is the invitation to the families of ministers of the gospel to come and be healed without money and without price. "It is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die." And the nurses may go to these families free of charge.

#### DONATIONS.

The Bible Society sent six Bibles. Mr. Johns, the druggist, who has shown such substantial interest from the first, sent a complimentary ticket for twenty-four glasses of soda water, a gift doubly acceptable in the sudden rush of hot weather while yet the body was swathed in winter flannel. The Phoenix Hotel has been munificent in contributions. The list reads, three venison roasts, lamb roast, and three roasts of mutton. The daily Transcript and Press give the world's doings to the secluded band. Mrs. Sara Allen sent sweet milk and buttermilk twice, and four glasses of jelly. She also gave a vine for the new building and two plants. Ladies of the Charity ball sent ice-cream and a collection of dishes—26 coffee-cups, 1 saucer, 5 plates, 2 dishes, 5 fruit saucers. Mrs. Maria Dudley sent bread and jelly and the Churchman. Mrs. Johnson sent a sack of fruit. Mrs. Virginia Gorton gave two numbers of the Churchman. Mrs. Spottswood sent two large buckets of cucumber pickles, a relish so necessary to the table. Mrs. Daniel Swigert's gifts this month have been costly and generous. She gave a walnut center table with marble top, one walnut washstand and two Brussels rugs. Now is the time for gifts of furniture, as nine new, sweet, fresh rooms stand ready to be clothed. Mrs. Dr. Talbott sent a large tray of beautiful

roses, lilies and smilax. Bell, the florist, made his monthly donation of exquisite flowers in great variety.

Several donors of bundles of papers are not recorded by name, yet these are most useful contributions for reading and for household uses. Miss Virginia Johns sent light rolls and flowers. Mrs. Simonds gave asparagus, that refreshing bit of an early spring menu.

#### CASH CONTRIBUTIONS.

From the Charity ball the amount was \$952.25, and this generous sum will no doubt be increased to \$1,000 by several friends of the Infirmary. Mr. Henry Read sent in \$100. One of the most touching gifts was the donation of the lot adjoining the Infirmary by Mrs. Maria Dudley, in loving memory of her husband, who was one of Kentucky's first citizens and surgeons.

#### THE HOME OF THE FRIENDLESS.

How clean and spotless was everything about the old ladies at my last visit! Aunt Patsy and Mother Steele sat with folded hands because there were no more rags to sew, and oh, how they chafed at the enforced idleness! "Who is this?" I asked, bending over the blind face. "I know you," she said, "I always know your voice;" and she called my name and bade me welcome. Aunt Patsy clasped both my hands when I told her that Mrs. Fitzhugh, a kind lady who never failed to send the right things to the right place, would send her some rags. "Yes, Aunt Patsy, she read about you in the RECORD, and she has a bag full." "That's right. Tell her to send 'em along. Mrs. Winston and Mrs. Felix sent the last. You know I must have different colors. I can't wind up all of a kind in one place. It takes a pound and a half to the yard and forty yards to a carpet." When I moved away she said, "Come again, come every week."

#### MOTHER CRONLEIGH

was in the next room, and at last she acknowledges that the foot is no better. I used all the arguments I knew to convince her the diseased bone must come out, and truly seemed willing. Gentle, inoffensive, child-like Mother Cronleigh! Several others were shaking my hands, and now Aunt Amy appeared at the door of the clean, shining kitchen and said, "The sight of you is good for the sore eyes," while in her rear loomed up two more smiling faces. Pardon me, friends, if I tell of these pleasant visits, where merely a smile and a cheerful word win such gratitude. Poor, bad, curly-coated Flip had to be given away. His manners did not improve, and he had no respect for his motherly friends,

so he was sent to a house of correction. The old ladies were without pets this time. Dick was dead, Flip disgraced, and Biddy farming out with her young brood, who threatened to make havoc of Matron Mary's lovely flowers. And her flowers this season are going to be unusually luxuriant. The beds and walks of the little garden are all weeded and clean, and the rich soil is ready for bloom.

#### AT ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL

there about 150 patients, and some of them are, oh! so infirm, so hopelessly afflicted! Upstairs are the large, airy rooms for the pay patients. The lower wards are open to visitors. In that for men there were four deaths recently. In the colored wards there is an olive-skinned, bright-eyed boy, who was found in a negro cabin, his lower limbs actually gangrened from neglect. Both legs were to be amputated below the knee, and the little fellow sat in his pure white wrapper, with a friendly sheet screening the diseased members, and anxiously awaited the operation, so eager was he to get rid of "the body of this death." Doubtless he will not survive the ordeal, for he is fearfully wasted. Sister Euphrasia, one of God's ministering earth angels, patiently escorted us through the institution, explaining and describing with rare intelligence. Her injured hand (from her fall last year) does not regain its usefulness, but it is a genuine pleasure to look into her face and behold the good that is written there.

#### THE ORPHAN'S HOME

Shows the late repairs, and gleams bright and inviting in the crisp April air. Good Mother Albrecht was full of talk about her children. She had discharged her alien cook, who required such unceasing surveillance, and had one of her eldest girls cooking for a salary. "So much better," she said, and I thought so, too. Reading about a pie party to be given at Lancaster for the benefit of the Presbyterian church, where she was for years a member, Mother Albrecht sent one dollar as her mite. She laughed when she got two nice pies by express, a return she did not expect. Assistant Matron Mayfield sent us such an eloquent letter that we regret we cannot publish it all; but our short columns will not tell the half we should like:

"DEAR RECORD—Spring has come, and as our little children march two and two to school in their new suits they look fresh and happy. Everything is prospering with us. Four have been added to our number, and one has returned to her kinsfolk. All through the winter our band has been unbroken by death or illness, and I pray it may remain so.

"Time never hangs heavily. Our days are filled with work, and our evenings are spent in reading from the Youth's Companion and books contributed by friends, or in telling stories calculated to implant a moral tone. Let me give you a little incident. A week ago one of our little girls was sent to the post-office for stamps, when she saw a man drop a bill from his purse. Picking it up, she hastened to restore it. He took it, and only said, "Thanks;" but it shows the spirit of honesty. We teach them, "Thou, God, seest me.

"You will be pleased to know we have a vegetable garden and a flower garden, too. The children delight in working these, and are longing for vacation to get at it. Our venerable mother, now seventy-one, loves flowers with a passion, and the little ones take pride in bringing bunches to her." [And here the writer indulges in a beautiful eulogy of Mother Albrecht.—Ed.] "We have received a valuable gift in the shape of a refrigerator from our dear friend, Mr. Ephraim Sayre." She concludes with the following list of

#### APRIL DONATIONS.

S. Bassett & Sons, a lot of bedroom slippers. Hector Hillenmeyer, fifteen trees. From J. T. Miller, a garden spade and rake. Louis Ramsey, a ham. Henry Vogt, barrel of crackers and garden seeds. Mrs. Sara B. Cronly, \$5.50 for decorating windows. Mrs. John Scott, a bundle of useful clothing. De Long Bros., garden seeds. Mrs. N. W. Muir, sack of potatoes. Sidney Clay, bushel of fine pop-corn. Cane Ridge Church, a shoulder of meat and bottle of raspberry preserves. Electric Street Railway, a pass for the matron to ride. John Lell, twenty-four loaves of bread. Mrs. Simonds, twenty-five loaves of bread and lot of rolls. Lexington Ice Co. and Hercules Ice Co., ice for the month. Daily Transcript, Press and Leader. Lindsay & Nugent, yeast for home bread.

Now, friends, if you have gone with me thus far, your heart is alive to the good that is being done in your midst, and some of you may exclaim with the colored woman, to whom Mrs. Winston gave the RECORD to read, "Well, I had no idea the people of Lexington were doing so much for the sick and needy."

In love and fellowship,

AUNT JEAN.

For Charity.

Among the forty merchants who so generously paid for advertising space in The Record, Mr. J. Jones, the jeweler, took a section with the words, "For Charity and Nothing Else." No mention of his wares—only this and nothing more.




H. CASSELL L. C. PRICE.  
CASSELL & PRICE  
ALWAYS HAVE  
—the Latest Styles in—  
DRY GOODS,  
and their prices are as low as the lowest  
for First-Class Goods.  
1111 13th St. in Street.

C. F. BROWER & Co.,  
FALL STYLES IN CARPETS & RUGS.  
An unusually choice assortment of new  
and exclusive patterns in all grades.  
Our lines are larger and stronger than  
at any time previous, and the oppor-  
tunities for desirable bargains are un-  
equalled.  
C. F. BROE & CO.  
Carpets, Furniture, Wallpaper,  
Draperies.  
Main and Broadway, Lexington, Ky.

THE BEST INVESTMENT  
A young man or woman can make, is in  
Business Education at the  
Commercial, Short-Hand and Tele-  
graph Department of the  
State College.  
We have more applications for our  
pupils than we can supply. Five posi-  
tions were open for them last week, two  
at \$75 per month. This school receives the  
highest official endorsement, its Diplomas  
being signed by the Governor of the Com-  
monwealth. Call and see us, or send for  
Illustrated Catalogue.  
135 and 137 E. Main St., Lexington, Ky.  
C. C. CALHOUN, Principal.

HAMILTON  
FEMALE COLLEGE,  
THE LARGEST BOARDING SCHOOL  
OPENS MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 1.  
N. F. PENN,  
—SPECIALIST—  
NOSE, THROAT AND EAR.  
45 North Broadway.  
Glasses accurately fitted.  
The Editor of Record can recommend Dr. Penn.

 RENA,  
For tired eyes, inflamed lids,  
harmless, painless, gives instant  
relief. Prepared by a specialist.  
Send 25 cents to E. Southern,  
85 South Mill St., Lexington,  
Ky.

The Record is only 50 cents  
for six months.

For Sweet Charity.

ST. THOMAS' CHURCH, }  
NEW YORK. }  
The Rev. John M. Brown, D.  
D., the Rector, desires me, in  
reply to your appeal, to send the  
enclosed check for twenty dollars.  
Yours truly,  
MRS. EDWARD HARRIMAN,  
Treasurer of Domestic Missions  
of Woman's Auxiliary.  
To Mrs. Eugenie Potts,  
185 S. Mill St.,  
Lexington, Ky.

Will the Rector and the  
Woman's Auxiliary of St. Thom-  
as' Church accept our grateful  
acknowledgement of this gener-  
ous sum to aid our work for the  
sick and afflicted.

EDITOR RECORD.

"Are Mr. and Mrs. Green at  
home?" was asked of the little  
girl who answered the bell.  
"Yes." "Are they engaged?"  
The small girl looked horrified  
as she answered, "Why, they are  
married!"

## MARJORIE.

BY E. D. P.

"There they are, over in the  
woods, playing and having a  
good time. I have to stay home  
and work;" and little Marjorie  
stood gazing at the group of  
merry girls and boys with tears  
in her big brown eyes.

"How pretty their dresses, and  
and mine is all dirty and faded;"  
and she looked down at her frock  
with shame. "I had pretty curls  
too, and now they are all done  
up like this;" and she jerked the  
long braids as if she would tear  
them from her head.

"And my nice white stockings,  
all colored brown to save wash-  
ing!" and she mimicked her mis-  
tress and stamped upon the  
ground in a passion.

"But won't I catch it when I  
go back!" she thought, and she  
turned to go home.

Just then a lady with a beau-  
tiful face and a kind voice laid a  
hand on her shoulder and said:  
"Where are you going, little  
barefoot? and where do you be-  
long?"

"Over yonder," said Marjorie;  
who could not move for staring  
at the beautiful lady.

"My poor little girl," said the  
kind voice, "who takes care of  
you?"

"There don't anybody, ma'am.  
I'm a work-girl. I work for Miss  
Hannah."

"And why do you cry?"  
"She beats me; and I ain't got  
any more pretty clothes and  
things."

"Too bad!" said the lady, in a  
shocked voice. "Will you take  
me to see Miss Hannah?"

"You won't blow on me?" said  
Marjorie.

"Blow on you? Oh, you mean  
tell what you have said? No,  
my child, I shall do nothing to  
make your lot hard. But come  
with me and we will find out all  
about it;" and she gave Marjorie  
a paper of sugarplums.

"But you belong to the picnic,"  
said the little girl.

"Never mind, I'll be back  
soon."

Miss Hannah Bibb was a hard-  
working woman, but she was  
very particular and cross, and  
had no patience with a little girl  
who did not know how to do  
everything and who was some-  
times naughty.

Now she scolded Marjorie for  
running away, and sent her to  
the kitchen while she talked with  
the lady. She said that Marjorie  
had been left with her by her  
parents, who were missionaries  
to South Africa and who died  
there.

"Would you part with her?"  
asked the lady. "She looks so  
like my own little girl who is in  
heaven that I feel as if I must  
have her."

At first Miss Hannah objected,  
but she was at last persuaded;  
and Marjorie was happy once  
more. She had pretty frocks  
and neat shoes and stockings.  
She was sent to school and Sun-  
day-school; and her new mamma  
taught her to forgive Miss Han-  
nah for all her unkindness.

By and by when the lonely  
woman was taken sick she sent  
for Marjorie.

"Child," she said, "I won't be  
here long. You mustn't think  
hard of me when I'm gone.  
Maybe I didn't do my duty by

you, but I wasn't used to chil-  
dren."

Marjorie stayed by her and  
read the Bible to her and gave  
her nice things to eat. Thus  
she returned good for evil. And  
when Miss Hannah died they  
found that she had given the  
pretty farmhouse to Marjorie.  
This was all she could do to  
show how sorry she was for her  
treatment of the orphan child.  
But Marjorie said: "What  
pleases me most is that we were  
good friends at last."

The Record and Ladies' Home  
Companion 75 cents for six  
months.

Alfred Totten.

The death of this Christian  
boy should point the way for all  
little stumbling feet on the road  
heavenward. Patient and unself-  
ish he listened in his agony—  
the fearful pangs of rheumatism  
—to his favorite texts from the  
devoted mother's lips, and looked  
the comfort he could not speak.  
Dear boy, he was blessed with  
more than one mother in the  
loving aunts who claimed him as  
their very son. And all who so  
tenderly treasured him may feel  
the great and precious assurance  
that he suffers no more.

The Record is only 50 cents  
for six months.

Best Friends, After All.

Colored ministers at Pittsburg  
passed resolutions denouncing  
the manner in which their race  
is treated in the North, and de-  
claring that greater discrimina-  
tion exists against the negro in  
that section than in the South.

"I haven't seen anything of  
De Wiggs lately," said Squildig.  
"Oh, he's buckled down to work,"  
replied McSwilligen. "Buckled  
down! If he's anything like he  
used to be he'll have to be  
chained down to keep him at it."

Pay what you owe The Record.

"I'd like to know why you  
hired a young woman for a type-  
writer?" demanded Mrs. Hilow  
of her husband. "So I could  
have some one to dictate to," re-  
plied the unhappy man.

Trained Nurses at the Protestant  
Infirmary.

Miss Frances M. Jenkins, of  
Lacon, Ills.; Miss M. Larkin,  
of Newhaven, Ky.; Miss A. J.  
Westcott, Rockport, Ind.; Miss  
L. P. Jones, Rockport, Ind.; Miss  
E. B. Broun, Richmond, Va.  
These nurses are trained in a  
scientific school, and are capable  
of managing the most serious  
cases of disease and surgery.  
Their services are in constant  
demand outside of the Infirmary.

Before the Venus of Milo.  
Smithers (reading sign "Hands  
Off") "The poor idiots! Do  
they think any one could look at  
that statue and not know the  
hands were off?"

## Bill of Fare for May.

Rye Muffins—Beat two eggs,  
mix with two cups of butter-  
milk, two tablespoonfuls of  
brown sugar, a pinch of salt, one  
teaspoonful of soda and suffi-  
cient rye meal to make a stiff  
batter. Bake in muffin rings.

Broiled Calf's Liver—Cut in  
thin slices and scald, wipe dry,  
season with pepper and salt and  
broil over a clear fire, first on  
one side and then on the other;  
when done through, take up,  
spread light with butter, dust  
with salt and pepper and serve  
with onion sauce.

Fried Perch—After cleaning,  
sprinkle with salt, roll in corn  
meal, fry in boiling lard.

Clear Soup—Put a quart of  
boiling water in a soup-kettle;  
cut up one turnip, one carrot  
and one potato, put in and boil  
one hour, when add a table-  
spoonful of rice and boil until tender.  
Add two quarts of white stock,  
salt and pepper; let boil up  
once and serve.

New Potatoes—Wash and scrape  
put in a sauce-pan, cover with  
water and let boil ten minutes;  
drain, pour over fresh water, cook  
until done; take up, pour over  
melted butter, sprinkle with salt  
and pepper and serve.

Green Peas—Shell and wash,  
cook in boiling water twenty-five  
minutes, add a teaspoonful of  
sugar; take up, drain, pour over  
melted butter and sprinkle with  
pepper and salt.

Green Currant Pie—Wash and  
pick from the stems well-grown  
green currants, put in a baking-  
dish, pour over a little boiling  
water, sweeten. Line pie-pans  
with rich pastry, pour in the cur-  
rants, dredge with flour, cover  
with a top crust and bake.

Toast—Cut from a stale loaf  
of bread slices of a uniform  
thickness, toast a delicate brown,  
dip in boiling water, butter and  
keep hot.

Toasted Cheese—Cut in thin  
slices, lay on a heated dish and  
stand over boiling water to melt.  
Sprinkle with salt and spread on  
toast. Serve hot.

Strawberry Shortcake—Rub  
an ounce of butter in a quart of  
sifted flour, to which two tea-  
spoonfuls of baking-powder and  
one teaspoonful of salt have been  
added. Mix with milk to make  
a soft dough; roll thin, put in a  
greased baking-pan and bake in  
a quick oven. When done, take  
from the oven, split in halves  
and spread one half with butter;  
put in a large dish, cover with  
well-sweetened strawberries, then  
lay on the other half, put over it  
more berries, pour thick cream  
around it and serve.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

"Such a charming husband as  
Mrs. Von Pickel has! So tender  
after ten years of marriage!" re-  
marks Mrs. Longwedde. "Quite  
natural," replies her husband.  
"It would make a rhinoceros  
tender to be kept in hot water  
for ten years."



#### An Ancient Manuscript.

This was found in an ancient manuscript, sent by Publius Lentulus, president of Judea, to the Roman Senate:

"There lives at this time in Judea a man of singular character, whose name is Jesus Christ. The barbarians esteem him as a prophet, but his followers adore him as the immediate offspring of God. He is endowed with unparalleled virtues so as to be able to call back the dead from their graves, and to heal every kind of disease with a word or touch. His person is tall and elegantly shaped, his aspect amiable and reverend. His hair flows in those beautiful shades which no united colors can match, falling in graceful curls below the ears, agreeably touching on his shoulders and parting on the crown of his head like the head-dress of the sect called Nazarites. His forehead is smooth and his cheeks without a spot, save that of a lovely red. His nose and mouth are formed with exquisite symmetry; his beard is thick and suited to the hair of his head, reaching a little below his chin and parting in the middle like a fork. His eyes are bright, clear and serene. He rebukes with majesty and counsels with persuasive language, his whole address, whether in word or deed, being elegant, grave and characteristic of so exalted a being. No man has seen him laugh, but all Judea has frequently seen him weep, and so persuasive are his tears that the multitude are unable to restrain theirs from mingling with his. He is modest, temperate and wise. Whatever this phenomenon may be in the end, he now seems to be a man of strange beauty and divine perfection, in every way surpassing the children of men."

The Record and Ladies' Home Journal \$1 for six months.

Something Else for Jesus.

Miss Lucretia Hart Clay and her brothers have generously offered a scholarship at the A. and M. College to little John Scott, an act worthy to be classed with the noble charities of this noble people of the Blue Grass. Other friends, too, have been kind. The delights of beautiful Loudon ore open to the lad, and there he finds fresh air and happiness combined.

The Record is only \$1 a year.

"Well, Johnny, I hear that you have been over at my old friend Edgerly's, playing with his little boy." "Yes, sir," answers Johnny. "Did you see Mr. Edgerly?" "Yes, sir." "What did he say to you?" "He said he guessed I was a chip off the old block-head."

Pay what you owe The Record.

#### A Beautiful Gift.

Mrs. Mary K. Irvine, of South Broadway, presented to Eugenia D. Denny an elegant Bagster Bible, in token of her appreciation of the government position procured for her son, Berkley, through the recommendation of Judge Denny. In addition to this claim there has existed for years the tender tie of a pupil and her first teacher between the giber and the receiver. An illuminated card, showing an open Bible, bore on the reverse side the words, "May the rich gems contained in this precious volume be sought and found by my dear young friend. May the promised stars of comfort shine brightly in your heart. May the wisdom given liberally to those who ask for it be added, and the peace that passeth understanding fill your heart to overflowing. The wish of one who loves you truly."

Surely so tender a message of love belongs to the pages of the RECORD, and we hope we do not need to ask pardon for putting it into print without permission.

#### Our Recipe Column.

Mrs. Eliza R. Parker, who is one of the leading authorities in the country on cookery, contributes a column to the RECORD this month. She is editor of the household department of the Ladies' Home Companion, an excellent magazine, only fifty cents a year to subscribers, and is a personal friend of the editor of the RECORD.

Maria E. Swann, widow of the founder of the Philadelphia Fountain Society, directed in her will that the executor of her estate should invest \$3,000 "and pay the income thereof to Margaret Hall for the care and maintenance of my dear little dog Dot, intrusting her to her care." A very nice dot for Dot.

Algernon (making a call): "What are these noises I hear, Miss Maud?" Miss Maud (whose mother is vindictively making a wholly unnecessary racket in washing the dishes): "It's dear mamma. She dearly loves to sort over the bric-a-brac."

"I understand," said the private secretary to a stockholder in the gas company, "that Sir Edwin Arnold got five thousand pounds for his 'Light of Asia.'" "You don't tell me!" was the reply. "What was it, gas or electricity?"

"Gracious, Miss Bickton!" exclaimed Spriggins, who is alingerer, "I hope you won't cough in that way again. You made me start." "Perhaps," she murmured, "I may be convinced that even coughs were not made in vain."

He: "Will you be my partner in a game of whist?" She (archly): "Why should you choose me?" He (gallantly): "Because you have such winning ways."

A young hopeful said that the surface of the earth consists of land and water. "What then do land and water make?" asked the teacher. "Mud," was the instant rejoinder.

#### The Cat Thermometer.

When your cat sits or lies, back to the fire, a cold wave is coming.

If she faces the fire, it will be warmer weather.

If she purrs loud in August, there will be a heavy frost before December.

If she comes in towards midnight in a dazed, unsteady condition, fur turned the wrong way and one eyebrow gone, spring is coming and you may plant your garden seed.

If she looks over her right shoulder it is going to rain; if over the left, fair weather. If she gets her back up it is sure to snow.

#### Woman's Friendly Society.

This is one of the most prosperous missions in the city. The mothers meet at the Church of the Good Shepherd promptly on Friday afternoon and contribute in work and money for mutual benefit.

#### Work in the South.

Mrs. Sallie F. Chapin, of South Carolina, writes that the Legislature, partly at least, in response to her efforts, has passed a bill to found an industrial school for girls. Gov. Tillman recommended this in his message, and his wife, who is a leading temperance woman, is taking a great interest in the project. A law has also been adopted forbidding the sale of tobacco to minors under a heavy penalty. A W. C. T. U. Home has been opened in Charleston which furnishes good lodging at a low rate; a cheery room to sit in at night; and a good lunch room intended as a substitute for the bar, where hot coffee is served at ten o'clock at night in the effort to keep young men out of saloons and keep reporters from temptation. One of the best city physicians has an office in the building, and gives free treatment one hour every day in what he calls a medical mission. One gentleman told Mrs. Chapin he would give her fifty dollars to buy a gas cooking-stove if she would drop that disgusting word "temperance" out of the name, but she said that if she were on a compromising line she could make a far better trade by going in with the saloon keepers, who would not only give her a stove, but plenty of material to cook, and plenty of patronage. Mrs. Chapin is one of the national organizers of the W. C. T. U., and will spend the winter in the South.

#### A Letter and the Answer.

OFFICE OF THE LEVER. }  
CHICAGO, Feb. 11. }

To HON. H. W. BLAIR, U. S. Senate, Washington.

DEAR SIR—In view of the fact:—  
1. That intoxicating liquors are in common use at the White House, by our Republican president, Hon. Benj. Harrison;

2. That the Republican vice-president, Hon. Levi P. Morton, through an unrebuked agent took out and now holds a saloon license for his hotel, the "Shoreham";

3. That the Republican Senate and the Republican House have each a saloon under their control,

Will you inform the LEVER's constituency how long a time may reasonably be expected to elapse before the Republican party can aid us in the suppression of the saloon business?

Very respectfully,  
THE LEVER.

#### THE ANSWER.

UNITED STATES SENATE, WASHINGTON, D. C., February 14, 1891—My Dear Sir: Your letter propounding certain conundrums to me in regard to the time when I suppose you can reasonably expect the Republican party to aid in the suppression of the saloon business, is received.

I am not very much of a prophet, and at this particular time am totally without prophetic inspiration, and cannot help you at all. Truly yours,

H. W. BLAIR.

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